

THE *Eng. Poetry vol. 10.*

3<sup>d</sup>  
**State Bell-man's**

Collection of  
**VERSES,**

For the Year 1711.

- I. *The Character of a Nobleman.*
- II. *The Desponding Rebel.*
- III. *The High Church-man's Wish.*
- IV. *His Litany.*
- V. *The Whigg's Litany.*
- VI. *Their Reserve.*
- VII. *Their Grace at the Calves-Head Club.*
- VIII. *Their Methods of getting and loosing  
Preferment.*
- IX. *Their Resolution.*
- X. *A Song at the Kit-Cat Club.*
- XI. *The New Reformation.*
- XII. *An Old and a Modern Prophecy*

Most Humbly Dedicated to all his good Masters and  
Mistresses, particularly to those of St. James  
Westminster.

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**M**Y *Masters* tho' my *Muse* be dull,  
 If I speak Truth, Excuse the *Fool*.  
 I've walk'd my *Rounds*, perhaps have seen  
 More than some Folks, *God save the Queen*.

**The Character of a Nobleman.**

The *Nobleman* why he's a *Thing*  
 That's next in Honour to the King ;  
 But if his *Lordship's Knave* or *Fool*,  
 At best he's but a *Noble Tool*.  
 Either to work with, or be wrought on,  
 As odd a *Thing* as can be thought on.  
 What signifies an empty Word,  
 His *Grace*, His *Highbness*, or my *Lord*,  
 Saving your Prefence not a *Word*.

'Tis *Virtue* stamps his *Character*  
 And adds a *Lustre* to his *Star*,  
 If he be generous, brave and good,  
 That gives a *Tincture* to his *Blood*;  
 But if he *Whig* or *Atheist* be,  
 His *Title's* but his *Infamy*.  
 And this my *Lords* is the true *Case*,  
 One speaks you *Great*, the other *Base*.

### The Desponding Rebels.

What have I done, betray'd my *Prince*,  
 I have, I have, and Oh the Sense,  
 Of that vile Act has stab'd me to the Soul  
 I feel, I feel, already sure  
 Worse Tortures than the damn'd endure,  
 Like them I grim and foam and gnash my  
 Teeth and howle.



But hence you guilty Thoughts begone,  
 A *Rebel* never should look back,  
 It does but put him on the Wrack,  
 Desponding *Rebels* eas'ly are undone ;  
 No, I'll go on, and ne're mind what is past,  
 He's a mean *Wretch* that will decline,  
 To prosecute a bold *Design*,  
 Because they tell him of a *Law Divine*,  
 At worst it is but to be damn'd at last.  
 Courage, my *Friends*, let's root out all the  
*Kings*,  
 They're but a *Set* of empty uselefs *Things*,  
 We never shall our lasting *Greatness* see,  
 Till we have quite destroy'd the Seeds of *Monarchy*.

### The High Churchman's Wish.

Oh may I live to hail that glorious Day,  
 And sing loud Pœans in the crowded way,  
 But When

When this deluded *Nation* shall agree,  
 To save themselves, and their *Posterity*.  
 May I once see all vile *Distinctions* cease,  
 No factious *Zeal* disturb my Native *Isle*,  
 Nor no base *Arts* my *Princes* Ears beguile,  
 Oh may I live to see a *just* and *lasting Peace*.  
 May I see *England's Church* Triumphant rise,  
 And all her *Prelates* and her *Priests* combine,  
 By *virtuous Lives*, and *Arguments Divine*,  
 To raise their *Holy Mother* to the Skies.  
 Hear me *Ob Heaven* this pond'rous Vow,  
 May true *Succession* never fail,  
 Nor may *Rebellious Arts* prevail  
 But ev'ry *English Head* to th' *Rightful*  
*Monarch* bow.

His

## His Litany.

From all the *Mischiefs* we have cause to fear

Protect us *Heaven* in the ensuing Year.

From *Plots* abroad, *Conspiracies* at home,

The sure *Presages* of a *Nation's* Doom.

From those base Men no Methods can restrain,

Who serve their *Country* and their *Prince* for  
gain.

From *Atheists* and the black *Attempts* of those

That late declar'd themselves the *Churches*  
Foes.

From *Modern Whigs* and from that *faction's*  
Crew

That for old *Doctrines* would establish *New*

And from *False Friends*, may *Heaven* deli-  
ver you.

*Libera nos, &c.*  
From

## The Whigg's Litany.

From a *Queen* that's true *English*, and wisely  
intends,

To punish her *Foes*, and encourage her *Friends*  
And for former *Mistakes* makes ample Amends

*Libera nos, &*

From a *Council* that's *Loyal*, *Deliberate* and *Wise*

From a *Senate* that won't be impos'd on by *Lies*  
And a *Mob* that will not be Incited to *Rise*.

*Libera nos, &*

From a *Clergy* that basely won't swim with  
the *Tide*,

From those *Bishops* that ne'er gave a *Vote* on  
our *side*,

And from all whose *Honour*, and *Faith* has been  
try'd.

*Libera nos, &*

From



From being at *Court* and i'the *City* neglected,  
 From having our *Plots*, and our *Knaveries* detected,  
 And from being in *Rebellious Junctos* suspected.

*Libera nos, &c.*

& From being deprived of all *Places* and *Power*,  
 And what's worse being in dread that ev'ry Hour,  
 We shall hear that some *Friends* are sent to the  
*Tower*.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From being the *Dregs* and *Out-casts* of a *Nation*,  
 Wherefo lately we held the uppermost *Station*,  
 And from being abridg'd in our wide *Toleration*.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From

From being prevented to pull the Church down  
From Robbing the Kingdom and seizing the Crown,  
And from other Designs that we dare not now own.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From being expos'd for the Mischiefs w<sup>e</sup> have  
done,  
For murdering the Father, and betraying his Son,  
And insulting the present Queen on her Throne.

*Libera nos, &c.*

*Their* **Their** *Reserve.*

The Junta met, and after some debate  
Morris begins, let's try to stem our Fate,  
Believe me Whiggs there is no way but one,  
And if that fail we must be all undone ;  
All the fine Schemes that Metalline had laid,

*Robert  
Harley.*

Are by the false Roberto's Wiles betray'd.

*Nor*

Nor will that active *Statesman* respite find,

Till he has compass'd all he first design'd.

'Tis therefore my *Advice* without delay,

To send some trusty *Messenger* away,

We lose an Age each Moment that we stay.

*France* is our last Reserve, Observe me well,

If we fail there, we must in course **Rebell.**

**Their Grace at the Calves-Head Club.**

May those good *Calve's-heads* that we lately  
tasted

Keep in our Minds the Cause for which we *fasted*;

And may we thus commemorate this Day,

Till we have no more need to fast or pray.

Bless'd be those Saints, for ever blest be those

That Murther'd *Charles* and ev'ry King oppose.

Bless'd, Oh for ever Bless'd, be those good Men

That give the next great Stroke, *Amen, Amen.*

**Their**

**Their Method of getting and loosing Preferment.**

By *Bribes* and *Threats* so many *Whiggs* at first  
 Were mounted to the highest *Posts* of *Trust*.  
 Some for their downright *Railing* were prefer'd,  
 Others for secret *Villanies* were rear'd ;  
 Some by their *Wealth* i'the other *Court* obtain'd,  
 In this have *Honours* and *Preferments* gain'd.  
 No *Prince* can help it but it must be so,  
*Knaves* will get *Pardons* and good *Places* too.  
 They never can with all their *Care* avoid,  
 But that some *Villains* still will be employ'd.  
 But sure the *Queen* that sees thro' the *Disguise*,  
 Does all their *Arts* and little *Tricks* despise.  
 She knows how wretchedly that *Monarch* rules  
 That's serv'd by *Traitors* or advis'd by *Fools*,  
 And therefore makes it one of her *main Ends*,  
 To raise the best and wisest of her *Friends*.

Taught



Taught by her *Father's* Fate too well she knows  
 That *Knaves* of State are every *Prince's* Foes.  
 Those who the *Church* and *Monarchy* defend,  
 On those, and only those, she may depend,  
 The rest all serve for *Interest* or *Design*,  
 Or to betray, or else to countermine.

A Song at the Kit Cat Club.

Let our *Foys* be sublime,  
 All *Virtue's* a Crime,  
 In spite of the Wise  
 We *Whiggs* will still rise  
 And grow greater and greater in time,  
 Then tast, freely tast of our Pleasure  
 The *Kingdom's* our own with the Treasure,  
 We'll *Rifle* and *Plunder*  
 And keep the *Church* under  
 Whilst the *Tories* stand waiting our Leisure.

*Chorus.*

*Chorus.*

Then let's luxuriously our selves enjoy,  
 And drink and plot the *Nation* to destroy ;  
 Revile each *Prince* and curse the *Thrones* they sit on,  
 Not more *Grand Lewis* than the *Queen* of *Britain*.  
 In hate t' the *Race* we'll cast anew the Frame,  
 And *Damn* 'em all that ever bore that Name.

*Their Resolution.*

*Disgrac'd Undone*, and made the *Nation's* Sport,  
 From *Places* turn'd, and banish'd from the *Court*.  
 Why did we not (*Fools* as we were) foresee  
 Our swift Destruction in a *Monarchy* :  
 Some Madness seiz'd us sure, or we had seen  
 Our certain Ruin in an *English Queen*.  
 For *Fire* with *Water* sooner can unite  
 Than we can own *Hereditary Right*.

We may for *Interest Loyalty* pretend

But a true *Whig* can be no *Prince's Friend*,

*Power* is his Aim, and *Wealth* his chiefest End.

And we had both, and might have kept them still,

Had we not been too sure, and manag'd ill,

But since we cannot remedy what's past,

It is resolv'd to stand it to the last.

We have Money and some secret *Friends* at Court

That will stand by us in our last *Effort*.

This Comfort too we have, we cannot fall

Ingloriously whilst we contend for all.

### An Old Prophecy.

Out of our past *Confusions* rise there shall,

A true *Supreme* acknowledged by all,

In whom an Everlasting *Power* shall be

Strongly confirm'd in the united *Three*,

Prince,

*Prince, Lords and Commons* shall in Friend-  
ship joyn,

And with one Hand and Voice, promote the  
good *Design*.

Success shall then await the *English Throne*,

And *Peace*, and *Truth*, at once re-enter shall,

*Reason* and *Faith*, shall then agree in one,

And all the *Virtues* to their *Counsels* call,

But e're this come to pass in publick View,

Most of the following Signs must first be true.

A *King* shall willingly himself *Unking*,

And thereby grow far greater than before,

The *Priests* their *Priesthood* to Contempt shall

bring,

And thereby *Piety* shall thrive the more.

The *People* for a time shall be enslav'd,

And that shall set them for the future free

By *Private* Loss, the *Publick* shall be sav'd,

And



And *England* free from *Foreign Arts* shall be,  
 The *City's Wealth* her *Poverty* shall cause ;  
 The *Laws* Corruption shall restore the *Laws*.

### A Modern Prophecy.

When *England* was made a *Confederacy's Tool*,  
 And a Scorn to the World by her playing  
 the Fool.

When the *Nation* was rob'd without any *Account*,  
 And trappan'd into *Debts* she can never surmount.

When *Whigs* were made *Bishops*, and true  
*Church-men* slighted,

And *Rebels* and *Atheists* for the *Villany* Knighted:

When all this was done, and a thousand things  
 more,

The *French*, without doubt, might have safely  
 come o're.

C

But

But when a *Prince* to the Good of the  
*Nation* inclines,  
 And her *Counsel* is Just, and pursues her *Designs*.  
 When a *Senate* united shall *faithfully* vote,  
 Not for *Places* or *Pensions* or what's to be got,  
 When the *Prelates* and *Priests* in a joynt *Con-*  
*vocation*,  
 Shall *Religiously* act for the *Church* of the *Nation* ;  
 Then *England* in *Glory* and *Safety* shall Reign  
 The *Terror* of *France*, and the Ballance of *Spain* ;  
 And this we shall see if I ought can foretel,  
 Before many Months pass, so I bid you farewell.

### The New Reformation.

Why should we boast of *Right* and *Law*,  
 And prate of *Reformation*.  
 When all we do 's not worth a Straw  
 To th' Welfare of the *Nation*.

What

What signifies a *Whore* or two,  
 To *Bridewell* sent and whip'd,  
 Whilst the great *Rogues* unpunish'd go,  
 And all the *Kingdom's* strip'd ;  
 If to Reform you are Inclined,  
 First with Rich *Knaves* begin,  
 And if you make them change their Mind,  
 The Poor will soon come in.

All our Expence of *Blood* and *Coyne*,  
 Has yet produc'd no Profit,  
*State Knaves* still frustrate the *Design*,  
 And will what e're comes of it,  
 We have shuffled out, and shuffl'd in,  
 And even chang'd our very *King*,  
 To make the Church the surer ;  
 But yet in spite of all our Skill,  
*Atheists* and *Whigs* infest her still,  
 Nor is *Religion* purer.

And it can never but be so,  
 Whilst such Men keep their *Station*,  
 Men of base Souls and Spirits low,  
 The *Vermin* of the *Nation*,  
 Whose only aims are *Power* and *Wealth*,  
 At which by *Rapine*, *Fraud* and *Stealth*,  
 Audaciously they venture,  
 Push'd on by their *Revenge* and *Pride*  
 They Row, and swim with every *Tide*,  
 And there their *Wishes Centre*.

Poor *Rogues* are whipp'd for petty *Crimes*,  
 Because they're low, and little  
 And in these good *Reforming times*,  
 Make Satisfaction to a *Tittle*.

Whilst the rich *Rogues*, and *Rogues* in *power*,  
 Boldly the *Nation's Wealth* devour ;



Our Cobweb *Laws* can't bind 'em.  
 Let them be *Lewd*, *Blaspheme*, and *Lye*,  
 Still the *Informers* pass them by,  
 Nor if they would, dare mind 'em.

The *Pettifoggers* scold, and bawl,  
 And do for *Trifles* sue,  
 Whilst the starch'd *Quoife* devours all,  
 And makes his *Clients* rue.

The greater *Tradesmen* eat the less,  
*Extort* and *Cheat*, *Trepan*, *Oppress*,  
*Monopolize*, *Encroach*.

That they may with the *Lord Mayor* sit,  
 To judge without *Law*, *Fear* or *Wit*,  
 And eke to keep a *Coach*.

*Conscience* is still the stale pretence,  
 That draws the *People* in,

When

When that has quite subdu'd their Sense,  
They're fit for any Sin.

The *Preachers* too are proud and bold,  
And will by no means be controul'd  
In their exalted Station ;  
And thus *Religion's* howerly made  
A *Trap* to *Fools*, to *Knaves* a *Trade*,  
A *Blessed Reformation*.

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N. B. *That the Bell-man intends to present his Masters and Mistresses with his Thoughts, concerning the present State of the Church of England, and his Notions of a General Peace in a Paper by themselves.*

FINIS.



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